

SimpleXity

by Akasha83

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Summary: Two Co-Stars Sam and Mercy, in a sitcom about love triangles, find themselves dealing with personal issues off screen far more interesting than on. Secrets, lies, blackmail and love all make things simply complex for our characters. This is my 1st Fan Fic, I do not have the rights to the characters. This is a Bit OCC with a Samcedes finish. Enjoy

1. Chapter 1

Heavy breathing, heart pounding at an alarming deadly rate, sweat pouring, darkness. Only the sound of a muffled Congo drum beating a steady rhythm could be heard. The smell of musky sweat, wild flowers and hint of strawberries invading the senses. A feeling of euphoria washing over, tingling, darkness is driven away to the colorful burning light of joy. Fire exploding from within... silence. Peace. Pure untainted uncharted bliss. Frozen nothing moves, this moment is filed into memory. The night everything changed. The night the word LOVE was broken down, dissected, analyzed and materialized into a second skin. The night the blinders were lifted and true beauty beyond the flesh was manifested and shone brighter than any sun. The night I felt the full embrace of heaven. This night I, Sam Evans made Love to my co-star, my best friend, the love of my life, my rock, my air, my heart. Mrs. Mercy Evans.

****Two point five years prior****

"Is that really what you think of me Troy? Seriously?! Its like you don't know me at all!? Why do you always have to be so rash and quick to judge without knowing ALL of the facts!?" (stalks off in a huff, arms in the air in a fit of anger and disbelief) {continues with back turned on marker x}

"What the hell do you expect me to f***in believe Alicia!? I walk in and you're hugged up with Jr Captain America pretty-boy over here and I'm just supposed to ignore it and play witless wonder?! (Storms over

outraged) {moves closer with intimidating stance to marker Y}

"Its called a WARM GREETING! Geeze! Get out'cha feelins' for 10 seconds and sit on an iceberg, cause you know you DO NOT want to go down that road with me." (turning to the left, heavy side eyeing, arms folded offensively) {prepare to move to the counter}

(Grabs her arm imploringly) {side step blocking her path to the counter, marker Z} "Wait wait wait.. look, I'm sorry! I just (pause) I just don't want you to get hurt, I really care about you." (Gently caresses her right cheek)

Loud gasp, {slap}

"CUT!" what tha? SAM!? (snickering and little laughter)

"What?! I was just following the script!" Sam defended innocently.

"Wrong "cheeks" buddy" Mercy said thru clenched teeth.

"Trying to cop a feel on the sly Evans?! Can't say I'm mad atcha, dat azz is a wonderfully sculpted piece of art" Artie strode in assessing his actors.

ADub productions was in the process of wrapping up the final on location scene for its hit series SimpleXity. His two stars, who had mad chemistry, f**k gold these two right here were triple platinum fosho, the only downside? They were seemingly always on each other's nerves on AND off set. If it wasn't one it was the other.

Arthur Abrams, CEO and active producer (because if you want something done right, ya gotta do it yo damn self) has been in the business a fairly short while but at 28 he has most def etched a name for himself in many house holds, his brilliant visions could be seen on the big and small screens. Artie knew the recipe for epic entertainment and he loved to deliver freshly baked hotness to the masses. His greatest achievement is his TV series that's been on air for the past two and a half years. He had called in a favor for a screen testing of two of his friends he ran with in college. They all went to NYU together. So when he came up with the concept of the show it was a no brainer who he wanted to get to play his stars. The two most entertaining, talented people he knew, Sam and Mercy.

Samuel Evans, Actor, CG Animator , model Age 27 6'1" serial dater, southern charmer, secretly in love with his long time friend but refuses to give in to it. Sam met Artie during his Junior year of college; they were teamed up on a art project found when they discovered they both shared a deep unnatural love of online gaming, the rest was history.

Mercy Jannelle Jones, Actresses, vocal coach, singer-songwriter Age 28 5'3" anti-dater sarcastic Diva. Gorgeous woman who men drool over not only for her outer appearance but her charming personality and "secret" love of online gaming. She met Artie thru Sam. Sam and Mercy have been semi good friends (let her tell it) since Freshman year after her interest was peeked hearing a heated group debate about Call of Duty at a freshman mixer for students of the arts.

"I can't keep telling you bro, you have to follow the script or MJ

will channel She-Ra and Be all "By the power of greyskull" on dat azz." Artie jokingly scolded.

"Hey, I saw an opening and I went for it, thought we had creative input to addlib every once in awhile." Looking over smugly towards his irate co-star. Sam was known for his off script shenanigans on the show, more often than not he received fan request from Mercy's fans asking how soft that marvelous azz of hers really is. It's a miracle she hasn't taken him to the carpet about getting all grabby every chance he got.

"Fosho, fosho you can add all you want, it keeps our viewers happy, but uhh, just try not to get killed in the process." Artie chuckled leaving Sam with a fist bump.

"I can't BELIEVE this simple mothasuka tried it AGAIN! His Casper the friendly Ghost lookin azz better be glad I went to church last night and got me a shot of JESUS! Artie!?, I'm telling you, he has one more time. ONE.!" Mercy sneered with her finger pointing to the heavens for strength.

"Hey, hey.. Merce babe, he didn't mean any harm!? You KNOW that kind if slip up just boost the ratings. Come on, you know that fool is just trying to catch a laugh not a case." Artie slithered on his charming smile taking Mercy by the hand, putting his other arm around her shoulder, walking her back towards the set. "Look you two, let's just put this incident behind us and get the last shot of the season, and AFTER you two can hash it out. Time is money and all that yack yack. We gravy?" He asked as he set them back on their markers.

"But Art..."

"Merce I'm..."

"ACTION!"

Things had been going the same way for the past two years, Sam trying to sneak a feel and pretending it was innocent for laughs and Mercy going off the rails pretending she hated when he did it. From the outside looking in, you would believe them both, but to those on the inside looking on, THAT was a different story.

2. Chapter 2

Thank you all for the followings and reviews I hope to keep you entertained and interested in this story. {fingers crossed}

I Do Not own any rights to Glee charater's or any of the songs utilized in this story.

* * *

><p>"Cut!" That's a wrap on the season finale of SimpleXity!" Artie yelled as they shot the last take of the day.<p>

"PRAISE!" I don't think I could take another second being that close to him, the way he was looking at me, I know we were just acting but, his eyesâ€| Mercy sighed loudly on her way to her trailer, grabbing a tea and her phone from her assistant Sugar.

"M? You're doctor's office called to remind you of your appointment tomorrow afternoon. But you have a photo shoot and the fitting from 7-10:30, and a lunch date with Holly Holiday and Will at 2 about the songs for her upcoming album. Not sure, but that's cutting it close. Your Step-mother called to verify brunch for Sunday with your sister's bridal party, also she inquired if you could confirm that Mr. Hummel will be attending the rehearsal dinner or if you will be bringing your, and I quote, "placeholder of a boyfriend" Matt?" Sugar rattled off barely taking breaths between sentences.

They got into the trailer and immediately started packing the rest of her items for summer break as Sugar continued to read her emails and schedule for the weekend. Even though Summer break meant a hiatus for the show, the rest of her life was on its regular schedule.

Mercy wrote for allot of stars and is a fresh new sought after producer. She worked closely with William Schuster who was the head of Artie's Music division of ADub Productions. They were currently working on a new up and coming artists EP, and the sophomore album of Holly Holiday. Mercy also helped design the bridal party's dresses for her little sisters fastly approaching wedding; teaming up with her BFF Kurt "Fashion Guru" Hummel.

"Sugar, sweetheart, I love you to death, but slow the spunk down hun! (Light chuckle)."

"Sorry I got a little excited about the whole wedding thing, I will go get you your aspirin and water."

Mercy was amused, but a little on edge after dealing with Evans all day. It was always an emotionally draining experience for her. She had a crush on him but no one could or ever would know it because she had her own issues to deal with, and then there was HIS situation as well with that Bitch of a girlfriend. Something about her just didn't sit right but Mercy was never one to pry and get into folks business. Her motto? When you start sweeping up others dirt your dusty doorway is left dirty for all to see.

As she packed the last of her scarves her cell beeped. {"Hello gorgeous, can't wait for dinner tonight, looking forward to seeing that sexy azz in that little blue dress I love, oh yeah leave them panties at home... mmmm... see you soon XXX Satan"}

What the hell? I know we were having cocktails tonight but.. Oh,oooooh! ewww! Mercy replies back {" I know you love me SIS but I don't need you lusting after my goodies. TOTALLY side eyeing you ~Nella}

A few seconds later {"OH SHIT! Nella delete that DELETE! That was for my boo! But feel free to let that azz be known too, I ain't mad at it lol love you sis! C U Soon xoxo Satan"}

That girl is a hot mess and three quarters I swear.

* * *

><p>"Dude, WTH bro?! Are you TRYING to get killed?" Noah, Sam's Assistant and Bodyguard questioned. As he playfully gave Sam a light noogie "Hot Mama is going to scramble your Eggos if you keep slippin

a grip man."<p>

Sam was still in a haze from the last scene, Troy and Alicia were in an intense conversation that left the audience wondering where they really stood. It wasn't a stretch for him, he just hoped that he didn't get too personal in that scene and really show how much he truly cared for Mercy. Just being that close to her made his brain turn to a jigsaw of raw undefined emotions. He wasn't sure, but he saw the question on her face when Artie yelled cut. How stupid could he be! Knowing full well she is in a relationship, even though she didn't seem too happy in it, nonetheless that was Mercy's decision. They had a falling out before because he didn't mind his business, so now he just watches from afar biding his time with his own personal problems.

"But for real Sam, how amazingly soft is that wonderful azz? You can tell me" Noah leaned in and whispered as he handed Sam his protein shake.

"Noy, seriously I keep telling you, she is more than her body, soo much more. Just being that close to Mercy is like a breath of fresh air on a muggy hot day, her skin is softer than any silk I have ever..."

Sam noticed the widening eyes, closed mouth and "shut the f**k up QUICK" look on Noah's face as he got closer to his trailer. "What? you asked.." his eyes went wide with realization.

"Oh, heeeeeeeey sweetie... How's my amazingly beautiful woman?" Sam said as sweet as pie with a fake as silicon boobs smile plastered on. He loosely reached out, tentatively grabbing her hand pulling her closer to give her a hug but was stopped short by the wicked glare she was giving him.

"I am NOT in the mood for your bullshicikity Samuel Evans, not today." Tina sneared removing her hand, dismissing him with a eye roll.

Tina Cohen-Chang was a force to be reckoned with and SHE was not in the mood for Sam's shenanigans this afternoon. "Hurry it up and get your ish so you can take me to Saks, I have to get those shoes I saw for the dinner we just HAVE to go to for your OH so DELightful Mother's dinner party."

"Hello to you too Tina, today was not stressful at all, thank you for asking." {eye roll} Sam all but vomited in his mouth a bit at this point.

"Hey it's the two lovebirds!"

" Sam, Tina over here!

{flashing cameras}

Tina quickly plasters on her magnificent, dutiful girlfriend smile for the paps as she leaps into Sam's arms kissing him square on the lips. He just looked at her like she was a parasite attempting to gnaw its way into his soul.

Noah noticed the reaction and quickly ushers them thru the door of

Sam's trailer before the crowd gets any bigger behind the barricade to get a better shot of "America's Sweethearts."

Sam slumped down on his couch next to Tina as she scooted to the farthest end away from him.

"JESUS Sam, I thought you were an actor, what the hell was THAT?! I know we aren't exactly the best of friends but you can give me a little more love out there." She fussed.

"Yeah bro that was close, you know we only have to keep this up for couple of more months or until you grow some balls and tell a certain 5'3" Diva how you feel. Don't screw things up now."

Sam shot Noah a glare "You know how I am about physical contact, it just makes me uncomfortable. And this whole thing is just ridiculous! How was I supposed to know the public would think I was Gay! Excuse me for being a good Christian and not wanting to be with every chick that is throwing her vagina my way!" He defended.

Tina put her phone back in her purse and looked up at Sam in disbelief. "Really? With that hair, and those lips you can't believe people wouldn't assume you were gay? I was half expecting a unicorn to come flying out of that cavern you call a mouth."

"HAAAâ€¦| sorry bro that was pretty funny." Noah was attempting to stop laughing but when Tina started humming "It's Raining Men" all bets were off.

"HA HA.. Sooooo not amusing TC, you can be a real Bitch sometimes you know that? And you wonder why I have a hard time "pretending" we are smitten?" Sam scoffed as he got up punching Noy in the gut on his way to his room to change.

"Oh and Tina? You really don't have to get those shoes it won't help "_My Mamma don't like you, and she likes everyone_â€¦|" He sang to her with a smug smile as he threw he's shirt hitting her square in the face.

3. Chapter 3

This chapter gives you a bit of insight as to why Mercy is the way she is with Sam and it introduces you to a couple of more people. My story has some dark pieces and will explore different sides of them that you normally wouldn't see. Hope you enjoy the journey inside my mind. I was listening to M83's song Solitude when I wrote the 1st part of the chapter.

* * *

><p>Mercy was smiling ear to ear when she got out of her car, she was meeting up for drinks with her middle sis Santana to discuss the final details of the big surprise they had for their little sister Marley.<p>

She had arrived back at her condo around 3:20 so she only had a couple of hours before the driver would be there at 6:30. She made her way to her master bedroom her border terrier Chewie following right behind as she checked her emails on her Galaxy Note. Sugar was

off for the evening and had her Blackberry.

Mercy would never let the poor girl know that she had her phones linked to be able to check her emails anyway. Try as she may, Sugar was a little bit lost at times and if Mercy did not stay on top of her own emails she would miss out on allot of important information.

"Come on Chew, you gonna stand guard while mommy gets her rub-a-dub on in this tub?"

As she was removing her jeans her phone started ringing "_If I Were a Booy, I think You would understaaaaand_" "{sigh} Hello Mattâ€|"

Matt Rutherford was a handsome successful Wall Street shark that looked good on paper and in person for that matter. Don't get her twisted he was one FINE brother, there was just ONE small problem..

"Hey honey bunches of oats, how is my gorgeous amazing wonderful girlfriend doing today?" Matt replied with mock sweetness.

"Matt, cut the crap, what the hell do you NEED now? I mean it's not like you actually care how I am or what I am doing for that matter."

He laughed darkly on the line " IF you know me so well, then you know good and well why I am calling love, you didn't meet the required public image quota this week. You know we can't have people questioning the validity of our relationship until this deal is completed."

Mercy was sick and tired of this farce and it's requirements, she had no life of her own and no one knew it but a very select few.

"It is not my fault you can't control your addictions, no one told you to get caught in a very open conference room."

"Oh sweet Mercy, let us not discuss addictions, isn't that how you got roped into this in the 1st place?"

"Shut it Matt!" She hissed

"Well, my darling, until this mess blows over, the merger is complete, and we are sure our images are clean, YOU are mine. So, WE are going to the Evans estate dinner tonight to show our rock solid relationship to the elites. I will pick you up at 7:45, be ready when the driver pulls up, and wear that red dress that makes you look fabulously delicious." Matt ordered in a non negotiable tone.

Mercy took the phone from her face and looked at it like it stunk. "Oh HELL to the no.. you will not #1, tell me what to do, and #2 commandeer my night off." she sassed

"What? Like you had important plans, pssshhh, get over yourself, get dolled up, and be ready at 7:45 unless you want to loose dear old Daddy Jones millions and tarnish the family name?" Matt taunted into the phone

"I know your net worth Mercy and don't think for one damn second you can afford to buy us out, keep your family afloat without a scandal or go bankrupt in the process. Do NOT test me. I will make your life a living hell and obliterate the Jones name right along with your blossoming career." Matt spat out.

Mercy did all she could to keep her emotions in check. "{sigh} FINE Matt, let me make some calls and move some things around. I will be ready around 8." she managed thru clenched teeth

"I will be there at 7:44 sharp don't make me have to come in after you, you know how I get when I am late MJ. Now..., don't you have things to do?"

"See what you are not going to do is rush me you sorry mothaf..{click}." Seriously? did this bastard hang up on me Chewie?! It's this crap right here that makes me want to choke him out with my silk wrap." {Sigh}

"San is going to be pissed,.. "she takes a calming breath and types out a quick message to Satana {Hey don't get mad but, Sugar forgot to sync my appointments again and I have a very important dinner tonight, I am soooo sorry, wanna meet tomorrow morning? ~Nella}

Mercy goes to her garden tub, turns on the water, checks the temperature, after she adjusts the cold water she pours in her special blend of bath salts and oils.

While she finishes undressing, her phone buzzes {WTH Nella!? You need to fire her azz, ugh.. its kool i guess, that just means I get to C my boo a little earlier. Tomorrow AM is kool. Luv u Nella C U soon xoxo~ Satan}

Breathing out a sigh of relief, Mercy places her phone face down on the counter while looking at herself in the mirror. Who is this person she has become, why is it so hard for her to take back her life? She shakes her head and pulls open her vanity drawer, staring down into it as tiny beads of sweat develop on her brow. In that moment, everything seems to have slowed down around her. She can hear the distant muffled sound of Chewie barking, and the faint sound of the water running. Her pulse quickens as she reaches into the drawer with a shaky hand. There is a slight ringing in her ear as she fights an internal battle with the demons that are whispering to her. She looks back at the now semi fogged version of her reflection. "One more time, just one last time." Mercy reaches in grabbing the velvet pouch from the back corner of the drawer, releasing its contents on the counter. She slowly picks up the razor blade with tears stinging her eyes and trickling down her cheeks. "Just one last time, to make it through tonite." Everything goes silent as the demons win out and she allows them to take charge for the night.

* * *

><p>Later on across town<p>

"SAM?!" Where the hell..., is he still in the shower? SAM?"

" Yeah Brit, I am in my bathroom."

Brittney, Sam's baby sister burst thru his room like she owned the place. He was the only boy of the three Evans children. His little Sister Brittney (24) and his Twin sister Quinn all lived in the house Sam purchased for his family in LA after he got his big Armani campaign deal. He was pretty well off to begin with, being an Evans meant you were Tennessee Royalty. Their family came from old money but their parents kept them all humble.

"Sam, Dad is looking for you, he wants to know if you remembered to hire the valet company or not, he said if not, he will GLADLY take on that task." She says as she picks up the picture of Mercy and him from his nightstand, inspecting it as she strolls over to his chaise lounge by his over stuffed book shelf.

"Brits? Really? You know Noy takes care of all of the details, and tell Dad to leave the sports cars ALONE, we get the hint, he is hitting the Mid Life Crises stage." Sam replied thru the door

"Well Noy is MIA and he isn't answering his phone. hummm, Neither is Q.." She says conspiratorially.

{throat clearing}

"oh HEEEEY Q.." Brittany puts on a innocent face, placing the picture frame on the book shelf getting up to greet her sister

"Brits, stop instigating things, Sam, I am right here, and Noy is with Mom helping with the final details. Lets not be messy little sis." Quin said jabbing her sibling in the ribs as she moved closer to the bathroom door.

" So Sam, how much longer are you going to be? It's about five till 7 and the guest will start arriving soon. You Know how mother gets when we are late." She sing songed moving over to his nightstand, fiddling with thing.

Sam was minding his own business attempting to mentally prepare for the fiasco that would be his family's Dinner party, when he received a text from Tina that caused him to have to really stop and pray. How could she be bring a date to an important dinner? What the heck was she thinking?! It's bad enough Tina is his baby sister's Ex, he has to bribe to keep up the girlfriend charade, but for her to bring a DATE tonight? Now here are his sisters pestering him about valets and rushing him.

Sam loved his family dearly, but he was now regretting the day he moved them into his 2.5 Million dollar estate. "Q, Britâ€? I am IN the Bathroom.. Come on guys it's like High School all over again. I bought this house so I could at least have a bit of privacy."

"You have privacy Little Bro, you also have sisters that like to bug you." Quinn teased with her signature smirk.

Quin begin ushering Brittany out moving towards his bedroom door

"Come on Brit, I know when we are not wanted. But umm Sam?"

"{exasperated sigh} Yeah Q..?"

"You left your lotion on the nightstand, I see Mercy's picture is

missing.., I am sure you probably need it since you are in there fantasizing about how she will look in one of those tight little dresses and heels tonite.."

"DANG IT Q!" Sam bust thru the bathroom just in time to see his sisters cackling and running out of his bedroom suite.

"UGH they get on my nerves." He fusses as he storms to his bedroom door locking it and heads back to the bathroom.. Stops mid stride, snatches his lotion off of the nightstand and marches with purpose back into his bathroom.

"So what if I need a little release before the party, sure as heck won't get it from anyone else tonite." He mumbled removing his boxers.

4. Chapter 4

Thank you all for your reviews and following this story.

Things are about to get a little hairy, so I thought a light chapter was in order, some secrets will be unearthed in the next two chapters. This is like the appetizers before the real drama starts. Hope you enjoy.

****I do not own Glee or any of its characters****

* * *

><p>"Noah, be a dear and make sure Dwight's not out front pestering the valets, and see if we can get the servers to start bringing the champagne out to the reception area. The guest should be arriving any minute." Mary Evans was running around like a woman on a mission to save the world.<p>

Tonight's dinner is very important not only to her but for the Evans Arts Center back in Tennessee. This was their family legacy, they were making a mark in Los Angeles and she wanted it to be a memorable evening.

"Brittany, where are the twins? They should be here helping you with the auction boxes." Mary fussed as she passed an attendant her clip board.

"Well mother dear, you ARE technically using my house as the venue, I would say I did help, besides everything is in order and ready to go." Sam remarked smugly with a lopsided grin as he escorted his twin sister down the main hall stairway.

"Honestly mom, you would think you would know us better by now. We are here dressed to the nines and ready to get this show on the road." Quin smiled gently at her mother.

" On time mind you." Brittany injected joining her sibling's side.

Mary looked on at her babies, although they were all grown successful adults they were still her babies.

" Oh Mom, come here." Brittany reached for her mother seeing her get emotional.

They all may live in the same home the majority of the time, but with all of the traveling they each did, their family was hardly ever in the same city for more than a few moments at a time.

"I am just so happy to see all of you together at the same time, it does my heart good." Mary sniffled

"Hey now, are we having a family meeting without Papa Bear?" Dwight Evans waltz into the foyer with their family's Estate manager, Blaine Anderson, when he noticed his beautiful wife and children huddled up.

"No Dad, mom just had a moment, we were looking for you." Sam said unlatching his self from his mother and sisters emotional embrace to greet his father. He reached out and gave his dad a manly pat on the back, with a side embrace.

"Now we can take a family photo before we play host and hostess for the evening." "Excuse me, Blaine? Would you be a dear and take our picture for us?" Mary asked passing him her iPhone.

"Certainly Mrs. E. Ok, Everyone get together. Say Chariteee."

{all together} "Charity!"

"Oh wonderful, thank you hun. This is the perfect beginning to a perfect evening." Mary said as she clapped her hands together looking around at all of the finishing touches going into place.

* * *

><p>Entering into the Hidden Hills (Where the Evans Estate is located)<p>

"What the hell do you mean you have to "Work" I am YOUR plus one?!I got all dressed up for YOU and you're standing me up AGAIN. (Deep calming breath) Kitty... I swear to GOD we are sooo DONE! Nope, that's it, done. I don't want to hear it. What!? Oh heeeell to the no!{Click}"

Santana was livid, her girlfriend of almost 5 months, informed her that she couldn't make it to ANOTHER function that SHE invited her too. And had the nerve tell her AFTER she got all dressed up and was pulling up to the Evans Estate.

This had been an ongoing occurrence ever since she started hanging out with Noah's brother, Santana wasn't stupid she played that SAME game before.

"Karma really is a Bitch." she muttered to herself as the valet took the keys to her Porsche Boxster Spyder.

Tina was exiting her car when she noticed a pissed off looking Santana "Hey Tana, I'm guessing Kitty duped you again? She said off-handily, waiting for her date to arrive.

"Yeah well, this is the last damn time. I dismissed her ass, on to

the next. Shouldn't you be inside distracting Guppy face from pining over my sister, posing for US Weekly or something? Santana snarked

"I would but my REAL boyfriend insisted that he spends the evening with me before he heads out to Doctors without borders. He is tired of having to hide in the shadows seeing me all hugged up with Sam." Tina all but sighed exasperatedly.

"Understandable, but I still don't get the big deal, why are you doing this for Sam anyway it's not like he owns you,.. or anythingâ€¦." Santana stopped talking, turned slowly and looked at a now silent Tina.

"Oh snapsâ€¦ He has something over you doesn't he.. That explains allot.. What could it be...? What did little Miss Cohen-Chang do..? Santana slowly circled Tina scanning her like a predator marking its prey with carnivores eyes.

Tina's heart was pounding in her ears, her mind was going a mile a minute trying to think of a way to get Santana off of it. Her eyes went wide as she thanked every deity imaginable when she spotted Mike lightly jogging their way.

"MIKE!" Tina shrieked, with unnaturally high pitched enthusiasm. "Alright! let's get you to your stand in date for the evening before all of the other guest arrive. You look very handsome." Tina begin to walk away dragging him behind her.

Michael Chang Jr, is a Resident at St. Joseph's hospital, he went to High School with Sam and Noah back in Tennessee. The three use to be like brothers back then until middle of Jr. year when Mike's family moved to San Bernardino California, where Michael Chang Sr opened up his medical practice.

"Hi, oh hey San.. Ok, wait, what?" Mike struggled to keep up with Tina, confused as to what just happened.

Santana had something better than her flakey blonde tonight, she now had the scent of Juicy gossip just waiting to be unwrapped and devoured. She followed behind them with determination with a strut worthy of NYC fashion week. "Oh, it's about to go down." Santana Muttered as she sauntered in snagging a full champagne flute entering the reception area.

"TINA!? You look ravishing this evening. Doesn't she Brittany?" Sam made his way to his "Girlfriend" giving her a formal kiss on the cheek.

"Good enough to eat." Brittany quipped as she bit into a chocolate covered strawberry seductively, winking at Mike who was standing close by.

Mike's eyebrow raised in surprise, he chuckled in amusement as reached out and greeted Sam with a bro hug.

"What's up dude! long time no see. I have to admit, I was a little leery when TC told me she was bringing a date. I wasn't aware you were back in town?! Sam said smiling brightly at his long time friend.

Mike grabbed two champagne flutes from a passing serving tray, "Yeah man, I was only gone for a couple of weeks to tie up some loose ends. I will be heading our Annual Doctors without Borders mission. Our team heads out tomorrow afternoon." He replied cheerfully handing one of the glasses to Tina taking a sip.

"Brittany, nice to see you again, I'm surprised you aren't drunk and half naked. What, too early? Tina jested as she took a sip of her drink.

"Oh Tina, you must have me mistaken for your mother, speaking of, which politician is she on this week?"

Everyone seemed to have gone silent and the crackle of hostility was palpable in the air. Some wore shocked faces, others anticipated what would happen next, knowing Tina's temper.

Quinn had been ascending the stairs when she heard the uncharacteristically crass remark coming from her sister. Sam spotted her, they shared a curious look between each other as he gingerly grabbed Tina's hand.

"OKaaay... (Throat clearing looking around) Let's go way over here and talk with the Hudson's about the pending nuptials. Brits, why don't you go and see if your date has arrived and introduce him to Dad. I am sure he will be thrilled his little girl is into links and not Patties again." Sam quipped as he scurried off to the patio with a irritated Tina in tow.

"That escalated quickly." Quinn noted taking a sip of her apple martini making her presence known.

"Humm, expected SOME sorta reaction out of her. Guess I will try something else." Brittany looked thoughtfully towards the direction Sam lead Tina.

"I see to you're back to your old mischievous way, what is the wager? Quin inquired knowingly

Brittany looked at her sister with a joyful glint in her eye, "Noy bet me that Tina could make it thru the night without losing her cool. I told him challenge accepted, \$200 on the table."

"Oooo!, can I get in on that action?!" Mike excitedly whipped out his wallet, "There is no way in hell Tina will make it, especially after that low blow about Ms.C, you just laid a trip wire."

"Michael, I am shocked you would bet against the woman you love so eagerly. I knew I liked you, put me down too, she won't make it past the soup." Quin agreed reaching into her pocket book as well.

"Come on, Mikey, this is going to be an eventful evening." Quin looped her arm into his as they strolled to greet the arriving guest.

Little did they know, their little conversation had unintentionally garnered the attention of one Santana Lopez-Jones. She moved from her current location and cozied back up to one of the family friends that always knew the tea.

"Here you go cuteness, sorry it took so long" (hands him the drink she got for him) "So Blaine, tell me, what do you know about that Tina Cohen-Chang?"

5. Chapter 5

Hello all, I apologize for the late update. I had Chapter 5 All typed up and I changed the direction of the story 3 times so I have three different versions of chapter 5. I decided to go with my first instinct on this one and follow my original plot twist of the story. Hope you all enjoy.

****I do not own Glee or any of the Characters.****

* * *

><p>"Work-Work-work-work-work-work, somethin somethin, dirt-dirt-dirt-dirt-dirt-dirt somethin somethin" Mercy was dancing around in her black lace bustier and cheeky boyshorts, putting the finishing touches on her makeup and hair.<p>

"Twerk-twerk-twerk-twerk-twerk-twerk" she sang as she twerked her way into her closet to put on her red cocktail dress for this evenings festivities. "Oh! Got 10 min to spare, take THAT and shove it. Right Chewie?"

The poor dog had all but given up on his owner and gone to play with his toy in the hallway. "Shoot.. Let me get my SPECIAL bracelet, gonna to need THAT if we are going to get thru this evening."

She located her Jade and black antique Japanese Jewelry case in the back of the closet, pulled out her gold ruby bracelet and made her way back to her bathroom.

Opening up the hidden clasp on the side Mercy removed the little cup from its compartment. She took the remainder of her "Fairy Dust" and carefully inserted it into the cup when she heard her phone buzz. "Shoot, I have less than 5min."

She quickly inserted the cup back into its holster, secured it and closed the clasp. Looked in the mirror wiping any residue from her nose with a tissue, checked her make-up, grabbed her clutch and shoes and hit the stairs running. By the time she was putting on her shoe the limo was coming to a stop in front of her driveway.

"BOOM, who is punctual? Go ahead I will let you have the honors of saying my name, because THIS will be the ONLY time I will ever get pleasure from hearing it come from your mouth. Well, come on we ain't got all day, let's move!" Mercy rushed out exuberantly.

Matt just gave her a unamused look as he helped her into the back of the car.

"I see Tinkerbell will be joining us tonight, oh JOY." Matt rolled his eyes knowing full well what he was in store for this evening with Mercy letting her demons drive.

"Really Matt, is that how it's going to be?" She looked at him with dancing glazed over eyes

"Yes Mercy. Why in the world would you decide to have a relapse on tonight of all nights?" he questioned exasperatedly

"And what the hell is so special about tonight?" she asked

"You will just have to wait and see, I mean if you will even be able to stand in one place long enough to see..." Matt trailed, off as Mercy began to switch seats in the back of the limo like a hyper active child on their way to the zoo after eating a pound and a half of Gummi Bears.

"JESUS it's like you have taken concentrated ADD, are you getting stronger stuff?" Matt grabbed Mercy's face harshly with one hand and looked her in the eyes, she was starting to sweat.

"Damnit, Mercy where is it? Did you leave it or is it on you?" Matt asked searching her person for her stash.

"Why? So you suddenly care? (slapping his hand away from her face) "Get off of me Matt. Don't touch me. no!. Stop it. Don't touch me, DON'T TOUCH ME!" She screamed and shot away from him moving to the other side of the limo, rocking feverishly.

Matt looked at Mercy as if she had lost her mind, he had seen her have a bad trip, but never like this, especially before a social event.

He had to think quick on his feet if he were to go thru with the plan. Matt saw that they were nearing the Community gates he quickly sent a text alerting his associate of the change of plans.

He was so deep in thought looking out the window awaiting a response he didn't notice that Mercy slowly made her way closer, she quickly snatched his phone.

"Mercy, give me back my phone." He was beginning to get irritated with her.

"Who do you keep texting, do you need to alert them so we can make GRAND Entrance?." She taunted

"Just give it here!" Matt said snatching the phone from her clumsy slow moving hands.

"What do you think you are doing? Do NOT snatch things from me! Who do you think you are!?" Before he could react he was seeing gold sequence in a flash of light.

"OWW! What the hell?! Did you just hit me with your purse?!" Matt shrieked holding his head

"I am about to do it again if you don't hand over my cell phone, NOW!" She bellowed, eyes filled with psychotic rage.

"THIS is not your phone Mercy, (She raised the purse ready to swing again) "fine, here take it." Matt relinquished the phone with caution, a slight ringing still in his ear. She smacked his 3rd grade

memories out of him with that damn sparkly bag.

While she was busy attempting to unlock his phone he slipped a syringe out of his jacket and stuck Mercy in the thigh.

"Who do you keep texting, why are you so concerned about this evening, why's it so dam hot in here!?" Mercy begin firing off questions fanning herself with her pocket book. "Why'ss everythin sppiinnin.." She didn't finish her sentence before she passed completely out.

Matt moves closer to her, checks her pulse and takes back his phone with urgency. He checks her eyes. "I didn't want to have to do that but I had to go to plan B." Matt muttered as he righted his self into the seat and wiped sweat from his forehead.

"Hey umm Ma.. Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Smythe is waiting at the valet, would you like me to go up ahead and see how he wants to handle the, situation?"

" Damn, (sigh) yeah DK, go up and see what he wants to do." Matt looks over at Mercy, rights her up and fixes her dress. "I am not a TOTAL asshole, well not at the moment." he mutters to himself.

The driver pulls the car off to the side, away from the other arriving guest and makes his way to the valet station. Matt sees the irritated look on Sebastian's face and knows immediately this is going to be a long night. He watches on as Sebastian pulls the driver to the side away from listening ears. He can't really see them from his current location but he can see that DK is nodding his head and turns to head back to the vehicle.

"Great, He must have given DK instructions, and went back into the house." Matt all but whispers thoughtfully to no one in particular.

"Mr. Rutherford, I am to drop you off at valet entrance as if nothing is wrong, Mr, Smythe instructed me to pull around to the rear of the house to the garage. He said He will take it from there and notify you once the matter is handled." DK relayed to Matt with a hint of concern in his voice as he looked towards Mercy thru the rearview mirror.

"GREAT, I don't have to deal with this mess." Matt muttered as he fixed his suit preparing to exit the vehicle.

* * *

><p>"Seb! There you are, I was wondering where you ran off too, my Father is very interested in picking your brain about some investments." Brittany cheerfully grabbed Sebastians hand leading him into the cocktail parlor in search of her father.<p>

"You know I would never stray far from you gorgeous. Hey, Babe? I have a very important package being delivered to me here by one of the guest. We do not want them to leave it with the valets, is it ok if I have him park around back by the garage?" Sebastian laid on his charm while he moved some stray hair from Brittany's face, caressing her cheek, looking longingly into her eyes.

"Of course silly! If you want we can get Noy or Blaine to go and secure it for you?" She Leaned up and kissed him on the nose.

"That won't be necessary babe, I can go and secure it myself. I don't want the guys having to do any extra work or anything on my account. It will just take a minute. Go find your Dad and meet me on the Side Patio in about 15min." Sebastian kissed her on the cheek, and a wink, as made his way to the back of the house.

{The Egg is in the nest, phase 2 completed-SS} He shot off a quick text as he calmly made his way to the garage.

* * *

><p>"So let me get this strait, Tina's Mom really is the political side piece?! Well Damn!" Santana smirked taking a sip of her drink as she chatted up Blaine and his Fiance Kurt.<p>

"Oh yes, she has been around more times than a used tire. She even tried to flirt with my Dad once, but I cut that real short. Not on my watch." Kurt Sassed flipping his perfectly coiffed hair.

"Oh that is NOTHING compared to how she use to be in Tennessee? She was a mover and a REAL Shaker, if you know what I mean." Blaine whispered loudly. I suspect he may be a little tipsy.

"Oh yeah, Notorious for making it rain. Tina got into acting and when she started to make a name for herself. the dirt started coming up. She couldn't do anything about it, Tina didn't have the means to make it disappear, so an a opportunity presented itself. Sam needed a Fake Beard, and Tina needed a clean slate. Once the legal papers are settled, all record of her mother's "activities" and her marriage to her upstanding fiance are finalized, Tina and Sam will go their separate ways." Blaine was singing like a canary at this point.

"Well DAMN! I knew it was something didn't know it was going to be THIS." Santana's eyes wondered to Tina who was currently attempting to pay attention to some executives Sam was smoochezing.

Right when she was about to take another sip of her drink she felt her phone buzz. She read it and discretely as possible and quickly replied {Roger that, take positions, hold till my mark- SL}

6. Chapter 6

Hope you are all still with me. Things took a turn and we have a Unconscious Mercy, a unlikely team up, and other shenanigans afoot and we haven't even served the appetizers yet. This chapter will be a little light filler until I get the next two chapters sorted to help connect the dots.

Hope you all enjoy. I own nothing but the poetry.

* * *

><p>"Karofsky, what the hell happened man?! I thought we were picking up a package not a person. This changes things. Lt Low is going to be pissed.." Sebastian was having a mini freak out.<p>

Imagine his surprise when he was told there was a slight change in plans from the plant, David Karofsky, only to find the package was now accompanied by a person. Not just any person, Mercy flippin Jones. This was definitely NOT a part of the plan.

"I think Matt may have left the package back here with or on her. There was a scuffle, some screams, then I think he tranqed her. It seemed like she was on something Seb, Lt Low is not going to like this." David was pacing and whispering in a panicked voice.

"Calm down Karofsky, we can figure this out, get it handled, and Lt Low won't have to know about this. We just have to find what we came to get and make sure Mercy winds up in a safe place out of harm's way." Sebastian stated handing David a pair of gloves.

"SHIT (frustrated sigh), I can't believe Matt did this to her. He really IS an Asshole." Sebastian muttered as he began putting on his pair looking sorrowfully at an unconscious Mercy.

{ In Mercy's Mind }

Sounds of crashing waves could be heard in the distance, still darkness swallows me whole. Seagulls call out to me, begging me to wake from my ever present state of unconsciousness. Still I lay waiting on the truth of reality to bring me into the light of day. Warmth upon my skin is not of clothing, the heat caresses my soul. The salty sprinkle of the waves crash into my insecurities. Then, I feel it. A familiar sensation that pulls me out of my haze. I awaken to the endearing gaze of green. Those lips that lull me into a serene ecstasy with the mere curve of a smile. My heart races, joy, peace and comfort cover me. I am safe.

* * *

><p>"Yeah, great! Sure Phil that will make a great pilot, tell you what. Get Artie the manuscripts and we can talk about getting a storyboard together for that." Sam shook yet another so called screen play writer's hand as he made his way thru the growing clection of guest.<p>

"This is starting to get a bit boring, what do you say we take a break and go catch up with Q and Mike." He leaned in and whispered in Tina's ear placing his hand on the small of her back for onlookers to think he was merely whispering sweet nothings into her ear.

"Oh my GOD yes, let's go." Tina beamed thru a plastered on smile as she led him off in the direction she had seen Quin leading Mike before they were cornered by another Hedge Fund baby with a "knack" for writing scripts.

"whoa, watch out!" (thud, Splash, CRASH)

"AHHHHHH!" Tina screamed with her arms out to the side, dripping wet with champagne.

Sam just stood there in utter shock with the bottom of his pants and shoes now wet from the collision.

"What. the. actual. Fuu..(DEEP CALMING BREATH) what the hell just

happened." Tina was fuming but making a valiant attempt at keeping her cool.

"I..I.. don't know, we turned to go out to the patio and that server came out of nowhere, Tina I am sooooo sooo sorry, oh my GOD." Quin was apologizing profusely as she attempted to wipe Tina off with the handkerchief from Mike's dinner jacket.

"Tina are you alright? Are you hurt?!" Mike reached to her looking for injuries, concern written all over his face.

"I'm, stop it, I am not hurt, thank you." Tina grabbed the handkerchief from Quin and moved slightly away from the mess as the servers begin to clean it up.

"I am so so sorry, this is so embarrassing. Here, Tina come with me, and we will get you cleaned up. I am so so sorry." Quin reached out and took Tina's hand to lead her away from the scene that was drawing more and more attention.

"I don't know what happened, one minute Quin said let's go find you two, and the next we turned and walked right into that servers tray. It was like they came out of nowhere." Mike said as he brushed off some sprinkles that had gotten on his suit.

"Yeah... little too strange." Sam said, looking around suspiciously, only to find a frustrated looking Brittany and a smug Noah posted near by.

"Excuse me Mike, I will be back, I need to get cleaned up, if you need anything let me know you are more than welcome to one of my clean jackets." Sam mentioned as he excused himself headed strait towards a now guilty looking duo.

"Oh crap, here comes Sam." Brittany jabbed Noah in the ribs just in time for him to look up and see Sam approaching them with a determined stride and a scolding brow.

"Let me guess, you two had something to do with that 7 glass pile up." He questioned with a knowing tone.

"Look Sam, I had nothing to do with THAT, I told Britts it was a bad idea and it wouldn't work." Noah snitched pointing his finger at Brittany.

"Gee ,Thanks Noy, way to rat me out. Like he said doesn't matter, didn't work anyway. Now I have to try something else." Brittany replied looking up towards the stairs that Quin and Tina ascended.

"Whoa whoa whoa.. Try something else? What the hell is going on?!" Sam was beginning to get a little frustrated with his sister and wanted answers, now.

"So... I MAY have, sorta kinda bet Brittany that Tina could keep a level head tonight and not loose her cool.."

"..and I accepted the challenge! \$200 on the table that she will loose her temper before the evening is done." Brittany finished, cutting Noah off.

"You two have GOT to be kidding me, So that was no accident. Brittany, I am really disappointed in you, and Noy you KNOW better!?" Sam upbraided them for their Shenanigans.

"Look Dude, I am sorry but Britts told me that Q and Mike are in on it too, Artie, half of the staff, a couple of the valets, even Mrs.E. The Pot is up to \$3K." Noah informed him

" I don't care, Wait, what, MOM? You have got to be kidding me. 3K? Wow, so what are the odds? I mean.. DAMNIT! Come on guys this is not ok, someone could have gotten hurt." Sam tried to get them to see reason.

"(Sigh) Screw it, we all know she is going to loose it sooner rather than later, keep down the dangerous stunts." He said passing Noah 200 bucks and quickly walking away to go get cleaned up.

"Might as well make some money off of this craptacular evening." Sam Muttered as he headed to the stairs to go get cleaned up before the dinner started.

End
file.